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W. H. L. 111
EDINBURGH'S
ADDRESS
TO THE
COUNTRY.

By Ramsay

EDIMBURGH

ADDRESS

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Ys swains and Nymphs forsake the wither'd Grove,
Thine damp Colds may nip the buds of Love;

His Winds and Tempests o'er the Mountains rise;

Haste to, where Choice of Pleasures do reside;

Come to my Towers, and leave thy unpleasant Scene;

EDINBURGH'S

A D D R E S S

TO THE

COUNTRY.

FROM Me EDINA, to the Brave and Fair,
Health, Joy and Love, and Banishment of Care:

FORASMUCH AS, bare Fields and gurlly Skies,

Make Rural Scenes ungrateful to the Eyes;

When *Hyperborean* Blasts confound the Plain,

Driving, by Turns, light Snow and heavy Rain

Ye Swains and Nymphs forsake the wither'd Grove,
 That no damp Colds may nip the Buds of Love;
 Ere Winds and Tempests o're the Mountains ride,
 Haste to, where Choice of Pleasures do reside;
 Come to my Towers, and leave th'unpleasant Scent,
 My chearful Bosom shall your Warmth sustain,
 Screen'd in my Walls, you may from Winter run,
 And, for a while, forget the distant Sun.

My blazing Fires, bright Lamps, and sparkling Wine,
 As Summer Sun shall warm, like him shall shine,

My *Witty Clubs* of Minds that move at large,
 With every Glas can some great Thought discharge,
 When from my Senate, and the Toils of Law,
 T'unbend the Mind from Bus'ness you withdraw,
 With such gay Friends, to laugh some Hours away,
 My Winter Even shall ding the Summer's Day.

FROM ME EDINA, to the Brave and Fair,
 On this Turf, with Strength of Skill, defined
 The universal Use of Euclid's Lines.
 Make Real Scenes grateful to the Eyes;

My *Schools* of Arts produce a Manly Train
 Of *August Orators*, who Right maintain,

Practis'd

Practis'd t'express themselves a graceful way,
An Eloquence shines forth in all they say,

SOME *Raphael, Reuben, or Vandike* admire,
Whose Bosom glow with such a Godlike Fire.
Of my own Race I have, who shall ere long,
Challenge a Place amongst th' ingenious Throng.

OTHERS in smoothest Numbers are profuse,
And can in *Mantuan Dactiles* lead the Muse.
And Others can with *Musick* make you gay,
With sweetest Voice, *Corvelli's* Art display,
While they around in softest Measures sing,
Or beat melodious *Solo's* from the String.

WHAT Pleasure can exceed to know what's Great,
The Hinge of *War*, and winding Draughts of *State*?
These in my *Coffee Shops* th' aspiring Youth
May learn, with Pleasure, from the Sage's Mouth,
While they full-fraughted Judgments do unload,
Relating to Affairs Home and Abroad.
The generous Soul is fir'd with noble Flame,
To emulate Victorious *Eugene's* Fame,

Who

Who with fresh Glories decks th' Imperial Throne;
 Making the haughty *Ottoman* Empire groan.
 He'll learn when warlike *Sweden* and the *Czar*,
 The *Danes* and *Prussians* shall demit the War.
 T' observe what mighty Turns of Fate may spring
 From this new War rais'd by *Iberia's* King.

LONG ere the Morn from Eastern Seas arise,
 To sweep Night Shades from off the vaulted Skies,
 Oft Love or Law in Dream your Mind may tost,
 And push the sluggish Senses to their Post;
 The *Hautboy's* distant Notes shall then oppose
 Your Phantom Cares, and lull you to Repose.

To Visit and take Tea, the well-dress'd Fair
 May pass the Crowd unruffled in her Chair;
 No Dust or Mire her shining Foot shall stain,
 Or on the horizontal Hoop give Pain.
 For *Beaux* and *Belles* no City can compare,
 Nor shew a *Galaxy* so made, so fair.
 The Ears are charm'd, and ravish'd are the Eyes,
 When at the Consort my fair Stars arise.

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What Poets of fictitious Beauties sing,
 Shall in bright Order fill the dazzling Ring:
 From *Venus*, *Pallas*, and the Spouse of *Jove*,
 They'd gain the Prize, judg'd by the God of Love:
 Their Sun-burnt Features wou'd look dull, and fade,
 Compar'd with my *sweet White*, and *blushing Red*.
 The Character of Beauties so Divine,
 The *Muse*, for want of Words, cannot define.
 The panting Soul beholds with awful Love,
 Impress'd on Clay, th' angelick Forms above;
 Whose glancing Smiles can powerfully impart
 Raptures sublime, in dumb Show to the Heart.

THE Strength of all these Charms if ye defy,
 My Court of Justice shall make you comply.
 Welcome my *Session*, thou my Bosom warms,
 Thrice three Times welcome to thy Mother's Arms.
 Thy Father, long, rude Man! has left my Bed;
 Thou'rt now my Guard, and Support of my Trade.
 My Heart yearns after thee with strong Desire,
 Thou dearest Image of thy ancient Sire;
 Should proud *Augusta* take thee from me too,
 So great a Loss would make *EDINA* bow;

I'd

I'd sink beneath a Weight I cou'd not bear;
And in a Heap of Rubbish disappear.

VAIN are such Fears; I'll rear my Head in State;
My bodding Heart foretells a glorious Fate.
New stately Structures on new Streets shall rise;
And new built Churches towering to the Skies;
From Utmost Thule to the Dover Rock,
Britain's best Blood in Crowds to me shall flock;
A numerous Fleet shall be my Forth's Pride,
While they in her calm Roads at Anchor ride:
These from each Coast shall bring what's Great and

To animate the Brave, and please the Fair.

FINIS